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P. 9

SOUVENIR
OF A WEEK-END PARTY



... At ..

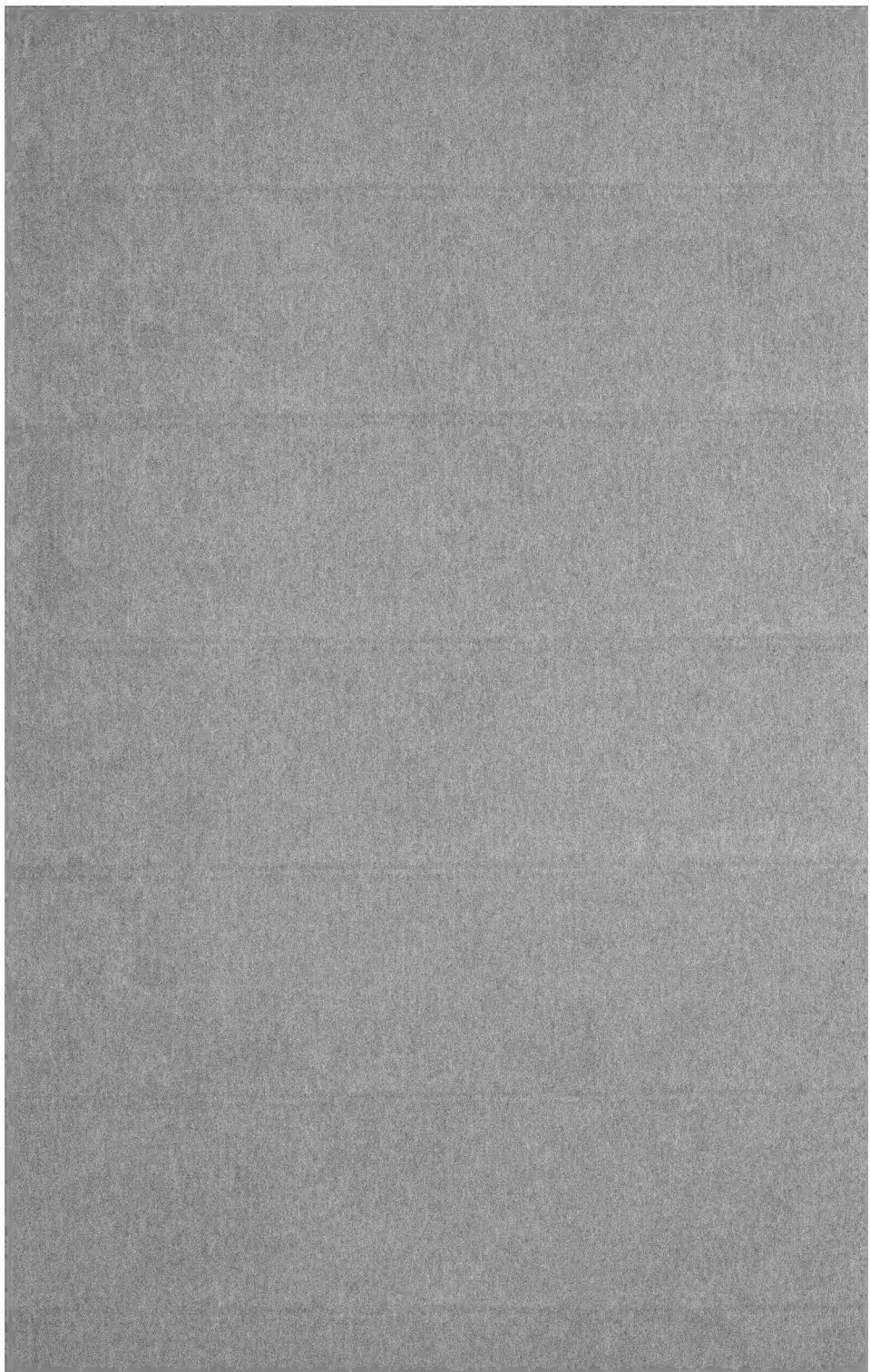
MANITOBA SANATORIUM
NINETTE

The British Scholarship Tour
The Canadian Tuberculosis Association
And Other Guests

August 23rd to 25th, 1930

*And this our life, exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.*

—As You Like It



Todd.

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Secretary: E. M. WOOD

Staff as at August 23rd, 1930

Medical Superintendent:
DAVID ALEXANDER STEWART, B.A., M.D., LL.D.

Assistant Medical Superintendent:
EDWARD L. ROSS, M.D.

Medical Assistants (for Sanatorium and Clinics):

DONALD L. SCOTT, M.D.,	ROY H. FRASER, B.A., M.D.,
L. G. MONTGOMERY, M.D.,	W. B. TUFTS, M.D.,
J. M. SIGVALDASON, B.Sc., M.D.	ARGYLE McMURCHY, M.D.
HERBERT MELTZER, M.D.,	

Lady Superintendent: MISS JEAN HOUSTON, R.N.

Dietitian: MISS VERA C. FLEMING

Chief Engineer: J. R. SCOTT

Accountants: W. M. GARLAND AND JOHN MACK

Chief Radiographer: WILLIAM DOERN, R.T.

Steward: JOHN REDMOND

Secretaries: MISS L. B. BELL AND MISS G. M. WHEATLEY

Teachers (Full time, last term): MISS MIRIAM NORTON, M.A., AND

MISS EDNA CALVERLEY, B.A.

Visiting Nurse (Prov. Pub. Health): MISS ELSIE J. WILSON, R.N.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."—BOOK OF PROVERBS.

What We May Do, and When

Saturday, August 23rd.

2.00—Arrive in cars from Glenboro.

Get Settled.

Afternoon Tea.

See something of Sanatorium.

6.30—Dinner.

Exhibits.

Dance.

Sunday, August 24th

8.30—Breakfast.

Morning Prayers.

President's address, and informal conference.

See more of Sanatorium.

12.30—Dinner.

Informal Conference.

Picnic.

Camp fire, or something such.

Monday, August 25th

8.30—Breakfast (meeting of C.T.A. Council)

Business meeting C.T.A.

Informal conference.

1.00—Lunch.

Final look around or conference.

Pack up.

"Bon Voyage!"

What We May See

Types of buildings and wards:

Infirmary, semi-infirmary, cottage, pavilion.

Ward Kitchens.

Sun balconies.

Medical "work shop":

Examining rooms, operating (pneumothorax) room, X-ray department, film storage, laboratory, dispensary, library.

Power House:

Engines, furnaces, fire protection, coal supply, water softening, work shop, wash rooms, etc.

Main kitchen.

Store rooms:

Milk handling, refrigerator, root house.

Laundry.

Linen room.

Offices.

Nurses' Home.

School.

Exhibits:

Equipment for "travelling" clinics.

School work.

Some Manitoba Birds

Some Indian Implements.

Museum.

Radio and Public Address syste

Gardens.

Nursery.

C.N. Railway "Hospital" compartment for patients travelling.

What We May Discuss

The situation in general:

What we have learned, and unlearned.
What we should learn, and unlearn.
The next thing to be done.
Guesses at 1950, and 2000.

The Sanatorium:

Its place in the scheme of things.

The clinic:

Where does it go from here?

Diagnosis:

What's uppermost in our minds at present?

Treatment:

What can we learn from one another?

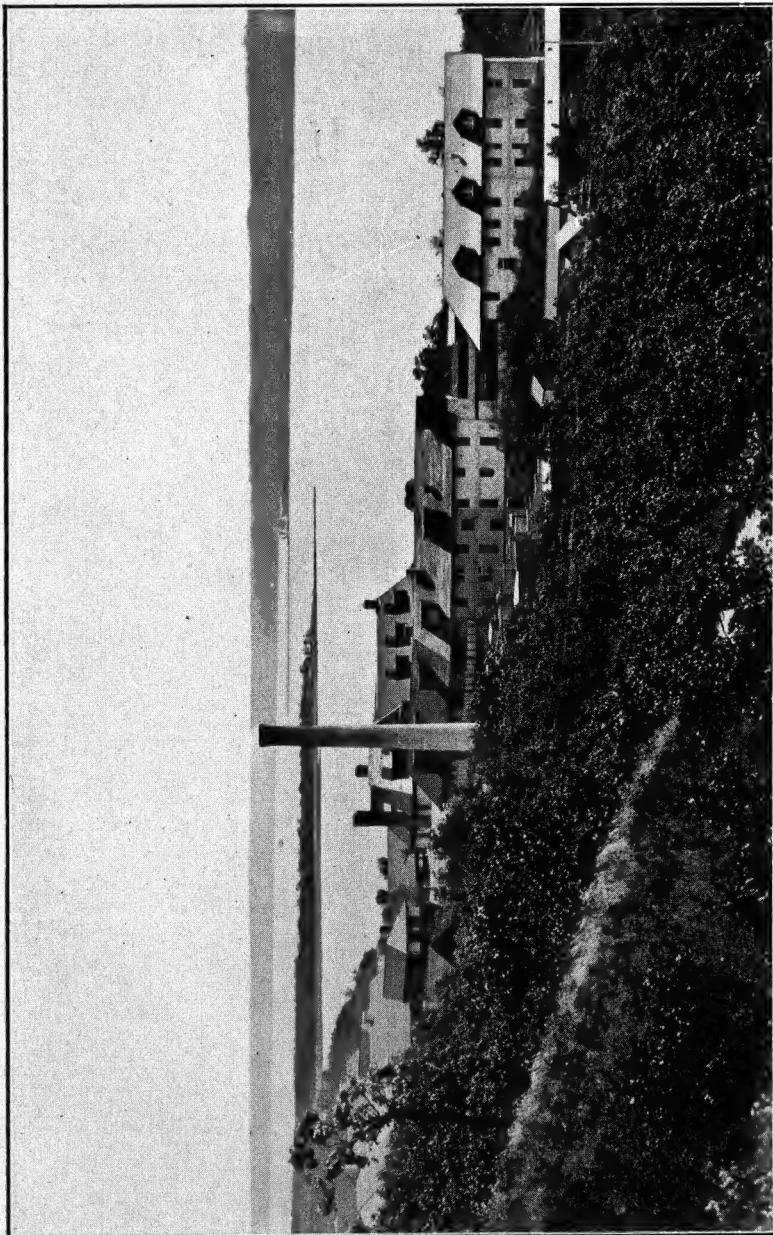
Prognosis:

How far are we ahead of Hippocrates?

Affairs of Nations:

Especially Anglo-Saxondom.

Ourselves.



THE SANATORIUM FROM THE HILL

"*The world is not an Inn but a Hospital!*"—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Winnipeg to Ninette

Just before arriving at Winnipeg station from the East you crossed the Red River, which flows mainly north, and is joined here (very near the headquarters of the B. M. A.) by the Assiniboine, flowing mainly East.

The Red River Valley, draining thus northward into Lake Winnipeg and the Hudson Bay, was once a lake a hundred miles wide or more, and more than two hundred feet deep, draining southward to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. It is named after the geologist who worked out its history, Lake Agassiz.

The first part of our journey to Ninette is along this old lake bottom. At Headingly we cross the Assiniboine to its south side, and, near Starbuck, a lazy stream, called by the French nearly two hundred years ago the Sale, and still, without much apparent cause, the Sale, or, in English, "Stinking River."

These low, flat, damp, clayey plains, which are not at all the typical prairie, have suffered in the past two or three years from high water, and this year, with the rest of the prairie, from drought.

Every "collection of packing boxes tack-hammered together on the prairie" (Kipling) around a railway station is, in common parlance, a "town." The larger are organized actually as villages and only the largest as towns. Almost every "town" has its war memorial. At St. Claude it is a "poilu" who stands ever on guard, for it was French reservists chiefly who went home from here to serve in August, 1914.

The essentials in the "towns," besides church and school and railway, are the grain elevators, the cattle-loading "stockyard," a "store" or two and post office. The schools are often "consolidated," several adjoining "school districts" with one-room, ungraded schools combining to make one graded school of several rooms, the children being brought in by "school vans." There has been some uniting also among the churches.

The elevators are owned either by private companies or by the "Wheat Pool" of the organized farmers of the West. From Glenboro in a "good year" nearly three quarters of a million bushels of grain have been shipped, and, in an average year, 1,100 cattle, 300 sheep and 2,500 hogs—besides a hundred gallons of cream a day.

At St. Claude, or thereabout, a long, low line of blue appears to the south-west. This is not a hill, but the shore-line of our pre-

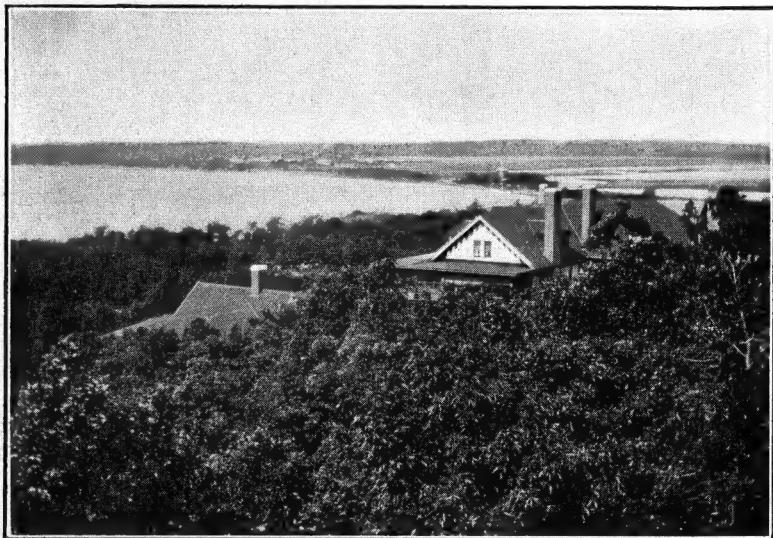
historic lake, a "steppe" which rises to higher and higher steppes up and out to the Rocky Mountains. Winnipeg (C.P.R. rails) is 766 feet above sea level, Elm Creek 832, St. Claude 1,007, Glenboro 1,230, and the top of the ridge, or "Mountain," about 1,550.

From St. Claude westward, the variation of level and rolling fields, winding creeks, park-like "bluffs" of trees, and the distant blue hill line, are typical of prairie farm lands. From Glenboro, the road south is through a prosperous, fifty-year-old Icelandic settlement to Baldur (The White God). Of all the racial strains of Canada, not one makes finer Canadians than the Icelandic.

From Baldur to Ninette, the low hills to the right (Tiger Hills) are a part of the Itasca moraine, where the great ice cap halted for a time after it had made the Missouri. Here its drainage river is now the broad, flat, dry valley in which the Manitoba Sanatorium is built. This broad river drained most of the south-central prairie region into Lake Agassiz, until the upstart Assiniboine broke through on its own account, and the fickle Souris followed, changing its flow from south to north.

At the brim of this old river bed, now fertile valley, we pause to look down on the red roofs, white stucco walls, green tree setting, and blue lake and sky background of our home for the week-end, the

MANITOBA SANATORIUM



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING WITH LAKE AND VILLAGE IN DISTANCE

*An Adventure Across Canada in 1930

*With Notes on Earlier Adventures
and Adventurers*



In the middle of August, 1930, two parties of physicians and surgeons of Great Britain will set out toward Canada upon a voyage of discovery, exploration, and adventure. To all who sail in the *Duchess of Bedford* and the *Duchess of York* are granted herein and hereby in full the rights and privileges King Henry VII bestowed upon John Cabot and his sons in 1497: "Full and free authority, leave and power to sail to all ports, countries, and seas . . . to seek out and discover whatever isles, countries, regions or provinces . . . which before this time hath been unknownen."

As you scan the westward horizon for the hazy blur of landfall—if you can only adjust your glasses to look back 930 years, to a time when England was still Saxon—you may see an open Viking boat, with Leif, son of Eric the Red, nosing in at Labrador and calling it Helluland, the land of flat stones, or at Newfoundland, calling it Markland, the land of trees, or sailing away to Nova Scotia, or still southward to find Vinland, the land of vines and grapes. Or, if you can focus at 433 years ago, you may have a glimpse of buntly little turreted vessels with John Cabot and company touching at the New-found-land which he reported as "Seven hundred leagues west of Ireland" and "the country of the Grand Khan." So the grudging purse of Henry bestowed, "Item, to him that found the new isle, ten pounds."

Follow Jacques Cartier

All the way up the St. Lawrence you will follow in the very wake of the real discoverer of Canada, Jacques Cartier of St. Malo. In 1534 he entered and named Belle Isle Strait, thought (as you probably will also) that the north coast of the gulf was "the land God gave to Cain," discovered the island which became Canada's smallest province, and sailed on a hot day into a bay he called Chaleur. Next year he adventured on, as you will, up to Quebec and even to Montreal.

Anchored at the mouth of the St. Charles, beside the Indian Stadacona, which became the French Quebec, in the winter of 1535-36, the bold captain, turned perforse to our craft, entered in his log

* (Written for B.M.A. Winnipeg Meeting. Reprinted from B.M.J. June 7, 1930.)

a very vivid description of scurvy, and an account of the first white man's autopsy made in Canada.

"Some lost all strength . . . legs swollen and inflamed, sinews contracted and turned as back as coal . . . legs blotched with purple-coloured blood . . . mouths so tainted that the gums rotted away down to the roots of the teeth, which nearly all fell out. . . . And because the disease was a strange one the Captain had one body opened And it was discovered that his heart was completely white and shrivelled up . . . his liver was in good condition but his lungs were very black and gangrened . . . his spleen for some two finger-breadths near the backbone was also slightly affected, as if it had been rubbed on a rough stone."

"There were not three men in good health" when the Indians suggested hemlock tea. "In less than eight days a whole tree . . . was used up, and produced such a result that had all the doctors of Louvain and Montpellier been there with all the drugs of Alexandria they could not have done so much in a year as did this tree in eight days . . . They were cured of *all the diseases they had ever had . . . even the French fox.*"

Historic Quebec.

Four centures of history—French colonial, British colonial, and Canadian—lie side by side in the city and province of Quebec as in a museum. In narrow streets and break-neck lanes, in old houses and ancient customs, in obsolete citadel and city gates, in Wolfe's Cove and the Plains of Abraham, the past lives within the present.

Up the St. Lawrence, from the days of Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, La Salle, have toiled innumerable canoes with explorers, adventurers, traders, soldiers, priests; and down the St. Lawrence many a returning voyageur, with peltries and, perchance, wounds, and tales of new lakes, rivers, and tribes, and still new lands and vistas to westward.

Almost every homestead, even to-day, with its scant-roofed, big-chimneyed house of stone, and long wooden barn, was born in adventure. When its roofs were raised and its fields cleared the musket had to keep daily company with the axe and the ploughshare. No wonder that the homes hug the river banks like a straggling village, with narrow ribbons of farms stretching back almost as far as eye can reach. Here life goes on, even in this day of radio, almost as placidly as a century ago.

Three Rivers was an early outpost of trade and defence against Indians. It now fights in the same spirit its infant mortality and tuberculosis rate. Here, beside huge paper mills, rafts of pulpwood—the food for the mills—float in the same waters with steamers that take the finished product anywhere in the Seven Seas.

The Romance of Montreal

What city was ever planned and built with the romance of Montreal? What other settlement anywhere was ever founded, the hospital first, and the settlement a kind of afterthought to supply patients for the hospital? That was an age of the seeing of visions and the dreaming of dreams. One pious lady in France had a vision of a hospital in this very nook of the wilderness; another pious lady gave money; devout and chivalrous Maisonneuve lent his sword willingly to the enterprise; and, to the scandal of all practical



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SANATORIUM

*"In faith and hope the world will disagree
But all mankind's concern is charity."*—ALEX. POPE.

persons and the chagrin of viceregal Quebec, the visionaries landed in May, 1642, and celebrated mass at a rustic altar festooned with flowers and lighted with fireflies for tapers.

Here stalwart settlers fought Indians and, even worse, the dominance and monopoly of official Quebec. Times have changed, and now Montreal sits at the receipt of custom.

Built on an ample island, backed by a mountain, fronted by a broad river and a fine view of distant hills, with world-famous university and hospitals, the wealthiest and most populous community in the Dominion, a seaport a thousand miles from the sea, Montreal is no mean city. It is almost two cities in one, bilingual, and a paradise for sign painters, for all signs must be painted twice.

Above Montreal, to the Great Lakes, are rapids; the first, which blocked the way to the Orient, called in grim humour; "Lachine." These rapids are canalized only for small craft, but the building of larger canals to bring ocean vessels to Lake Superior and the very heart of the continent is Canada's next big job, though Montreal has doubt about it yet.

Ottawa

If this were not 1930, but a century earlier, we would travel westward by that wonderful craft the "six-fathom" birch bark canoe, carrying four tons of freight and a crew of ten. At the very last chapel on the edge of the wilderness a century ago, but still to be seen from train window,

"Soon as the woods on the shore looked dim
We'd sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn,"

and push up the turbulent Ottawa. At the Chaudiere Fall, where there was a big carrying place or "portage," a hamlet of voyageurs and trappers grew up, then a straggling village of lumbermen, Bytown; then, Cinderella-like, a fairy wand touched the place, and, lo! it became Ottawa, the stately capital of Canada.

Besides Parliament Hill and many things else to see, be sure to remember the National Museum, where some fine specimens of prehistoric residents of Canada, especially of the Upper Cretaceous formation of Alberta, are to be found, among them: *Eoceratops canadensis*, *Styracosaurus albertensis*, *Brachyceratops dawsoni*, *Hadrosaur edmontosaurus*, the Cretaceous theropodous dinosaur, *gorgosaurus*, etc.

Nine Provinces, but Six Canadas

Ottawa is in Ontario, but as near Quebec as a loop of the river will allow it to be. Before confederation and the forming of the Dominion in 1867 there were two Canadas—Lower Canada or Quebec, and Upper Canada or Ontario. Besides these there were three maritime colonies and the whole west and north, which was little better than a no-man's-land. Now there are nine provinces, and northern territories besides.

In reality there are something like six fairly distinct Canadas. First, the Eastern Maritimes: Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, chiefly Scotch-English, thoughtful, thorough-going people, with farming, fishing, fruit growing, lumbering, and coal mining as the chief industries—and one of the chief exports, university professors. Next comes Quebec, extending from the Atlantic along the north side of the Ottawa almost as far west as Toronto, its people very largely French, industrious, thrifty, domestic, with farming, lumbering and paper making as chief industries. Third, Ontario, which extends from near Montreal to near Winnipeg, and from the Great Lakes to James Bay, largely English-Scotch-

Irish, central, populous, and dominant among the provinces, with almost all the various industries of soil, water, and rock. Fourth, the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, young, optimistic, and progressive, Anglo-Saxon chiefly, but with an increasing mixture of the races of central Europe, largely wheat-growing, but more and more looking northward to resources of furs and mines. Fifth, the Pacific Coast province, British Columbia, with its sea of mountains, its mines, rivers, timber, its fair fruit-filled valleys, and seaports in touch with the Orient. Sixth, the north country from east to west, and bounded to the north by the Arctic, long sealed, but now opening to the magic keys of aeroplane and wireless.

Toronto

A century ago the new and struggling colony of Upper Canada had many small centres; but little "Muddy York," on the shore of Lake Ontario, outstripped the others, and now, as the fair City of Toronto, dominates the great province of Ontario, the centre for legislation and the chief centre for education, finance, and commerce. With the development of extensive mines in the Ontario hinterland, Toronto has become in the past few years mineral-minded also. Above all else industrious, substantial, church-going, and very sure of herself as the quintessence of Canada—you will find Toronto a fine city of worthy citizens.

Lakes and Great Lakes

Canada is pre-eminently the land of lakes—lakes small and large, known and unknown, unnumbered and innumerable, but tens of thousands of them, quite likely hundreds of thousands. Aeroplane maps show often hundreds where old maps have none. Not a few among them are really great lakes, but the name "Great Lakes" is always reserved for the familiar half-dozen that maps show like a cluster of fruit hanging on the stem of the St. Lawrence. They are really freshwater inland seas, shared between us and the people of the United States, that give a waterway to the very heart of the continent.

What changes these shores and channels have seen! What differing errands and what varying craft! First the frail bark canoe of silver birch slinking in the shadows of the dark lee shore, filled with eager savages, vermillion-painted, silent, at war.

Then discoverers, explorers, adventurers, priests, first of France, then of Britain also, toiling up the channels all the long June days, with bivouac and guard and night, with trinkets to trade for peltries, writing down in scant journals and Jesuit "relations," and sketching in crude charts this new world unrolling as a scroll before their advance.

Then the traders. We have seen that the canoe route from east to west avoided the lower Great Lakes—the haunts of the

Iroquois, implacable enemies of the French—and reached the upper lakes by the strenuous Ottawa and other such turbulent streams. Here, even in the late seventeenth century, French trade dribbled in, and was established in the early eighteenth. In the later eighteenth it reached its zenith, but now no longer distinctively French. Indeed, the "North-Westers," who formed in 1783 the loose-jointed North-West Company, with eastern headquarters at Montreal and Western at the head of the lakes, was largely made up of McDonalds, McGillivrays, McKenzies, McTavishes, and others of



THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON
CATCH THE SANATORIUM SPIRIT

their race for whom the Highlands of Scotland were still uncomfortable since Culloden. These were the "bourgeois," "proprietors," "partners," "traders," "clerks." All the voyageurs and some of the bourgeois were still French Canadian.

The Great Fur Parliament

The annual meeting was first at Grand Portage, and when that was found to be American territory, after 1802, at Fort William. Here for six weeks met hundreds of men of varied types. Up from the east came the swarthy Montreal brigades with sweating, singing crews. Their "lake" or "six-fathom" canoes were remarkable craft. Two men could carry them over a portage, yet they carried four tons of merchandise and a crew of ten or twelve. Faster travelling, lighter "express" craft, breasting waves on cape-to-cape "traverses," carried the aristocrats of the trade, the eastern partners. Down from the lonely posts of the far west, even from the Arctic Circle, came the "wintering partners" and traders. Here, in halls hung with

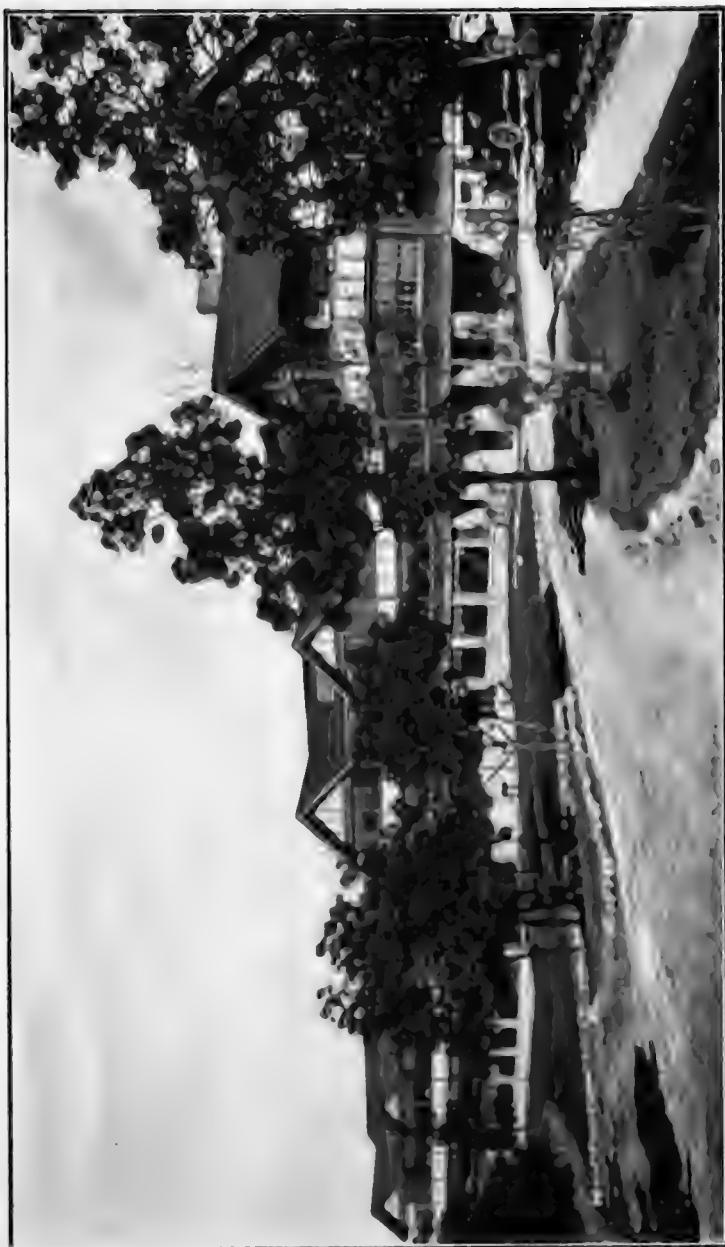
portraits and trophies, west met with east in state, with skirl of official pipes, to tell the conditions of trade, unfold new maps, establish new posts, explore new territories, suppress new revolts, circumvent new "oppositions," and especially challenge the "English" company of adventurers which "traded into Hudson's Bay," as this, the Canadian company, followed the Great Lakes route.

At this great fur trade rendezvous—half-way up for the trading goods, half-way down for the peltries—all was bustle. Bales of blanket cloth and duffel, packages of flintlocks and knives, kegs of gunpowder and rum, must be unloaded from the "six-fathom" "lake" canoes, allocated, retailed, distributed, made into ninety-pound packages for the "four-fathom" "northern" canoes (*canots du nord*). Packages of peltries from every river in the north, already six months in a year on their way, were sorted and repacked for the returning brigades. Here for six weeks men of all ranks in the trade, "proud North-West bucks," mingled, told their tales of adventure, smoked their pipes, renewed acquaintances, drank fierce toasts with their "regales" of rum, and fought out their feuds. Then the "Northmen" or "Winterers" turned to their far posts and their dusky families, the "pork eaters" or "comers and goers" to their eastern homes and farms and families, the lords of the trade to Montreal and their club-house on Beaver Hill.

The Romance of To-day

The day of the birch bark trade canoe is gone, indeed it became much changed after the rival companies amalgamated in 1821. when the much shorter route by "the Bay" was used and the heavier "York boat" developed. But the Great Lakes have still their distinctive life and traffic and colour. If the pulse of lake traffic be counted at some such point as the Detroit River, it will be found that the gross tonnage enables our American friends, who share it, to make the kind of superlative statement they are fond of—greater than in any other strait or channel in the world. What will it be when the St. Lawrence channel is opened for sea-going vessels and a Glasgow tramp brings cottons or tweeds or boiler grades right up to Thunder Bay, or a Liverpool freighter sloughs its barnacles while taking on a load of wheat in the Kaministiqua?

The lake traffic is largely bulk traffic, whole loads of wheat or ore, coal or pulpwood; and the predominance of such loads has developed peculiar types of carriers, found nowhere else on lake or sea. Smudges on the sky line gradually take form as low-bellied freighters, dachshunds of navigation, two boats and a half long and half a boat high; long, low-lying craft, mere lines on the water, with quarters fore and quarters aft, and half a mile of deck between, bluff-bowed, with thirty hatches or even more, steady-going, deep-voiced, grunting scant greetings as they pass. A few "whalebacks" still may be seen.



THE INFIRMARY BUILDING, EAST AND WEST WINGS

"Our softer nurse of nature is repose." — KING LEAR.

It is near December when the fleets roll in, ice-clad, take on a cargo of wheat, tie up, and so give storage all winter. In early spring they smash through behind the ice breaker, and a new season has begun.

From the birch canoe of the redman, the "six fathom" of the trader, the *Griffin*, the first sailing vessel of Tonty, built at Kingston and lost—literally lost—in Upper Huron, and which, like the Flying Dutchman, is said still to haunt the lakes, to the floating palaces in which many of you will embark, the whole history and traditions of the craft and sailors of the Great Lakes might take their places very creditably beside those of any of the Seven Seas.

The Middle West

Of the six different Canadas already indicated it is the Canada of the prairies that has the high honour of being host to the British Medical Association. The adventurers of 1930 enter this region from the "Head of the Lakes," as most of the earlier explorers did, and here and there parallel, or cross, the old canoe routes. At the Lake of the Woods and Minaki you pause beside them. If this meeting of the British Medical Association had been convened either in 1832 or in 1932 you might have chosen to come in along the trails of other adventurers, by the nearer Hudson Bay route. Parts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, strange to say, are actually nearer to Liverpool than New York is. These advantages of the narrower North Atlantic, the great bay gouging in almost to mid-continent, and the shorter canoe voyages "The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay" had over the rival "North-Westers" of Montreal and Fort William.

Manitoba extended to the Hudson Bay and became a maritime province so very recently that even her own people as yet scarcely know that while Shakespeare was still on London boards, in 1612, two years after Henry Hudson entered the great bay, Thomas Button, with a letter in his pocket from the Royal James to the Emperor of Japan, first raised the flag of England on Manitoba soil. Where Manitoba's new seaport, Churchill, is now growing up, Jens Munck from Denmark lost his whole two crews but two men, from scurvy, in the winter of 1619-20, the captain and the two men curing themselves with the first grass of springtime and sailing the smaller craft home.

Prince Rupert got his charter and monopoly in 1670, but for nearly a century the French fleet kept the Company from quiet possession. About 1730 La Verendrye began his "search for the Western Sea," by the lake route, built his principal Manitoba fort in 1738, explored north-west and south-west almost to the mountains, and opened up a trade which the French maintained until about 1760. Their successors, the Scotch-English-French "North-Westers" from Montreal, using the lake route, were for fifty years the keenest



The Dining Room

rivals of the "English" Company of the Hudson Bay. Their "opposition" kept some sort of bounds, until the Selkirk settlers, with a sheepskin title to the whole territory by virtue of ten shillings lawful money paid in London, formed a third party. With the eternal triangle, as usual, came mischief. There were laws made and laws broken, intrigue, blood-shed, litigation, and finally, in 1821, amalgamation.

When peace had been thus restored, and when their earlier difficulties had been overcome, the Red River settlers, isolated in the midst of a continent, almost as though on a coral island in mid-Pacific, developed a unique and, in many ways, idyllic life, which the "old timers" who survived the coming of railways and settlers, immigrants, and "civilization," look back upon with some regrets. In the convention city will be found still some links with the past, among them the gateway of Fort Garry, in which as a youth R. M. Ballantyne pushed a reluctant quill over ledger pages and dreamed romances. At that time two community buffalo hunts each year yielded two harvests of pemmican, dried, shredded, or "beat" buffalo meat, preserved in fat in sacks of bustalo skin, with not quite all the hair left on the outside, it is said.

The Epic of Wheat

In the early eighteen-seventies came an irruption of farmers into the plains; in the eighties Manitoba was pretty well filled up, in the nineties Saskatchewan and Alberta; and since that time settlement has pushed into the remaining corners, and northward. Rifle and hunting knife gave place to plough and reaper, and the prairies blossomed into wheat.

The great Epic of Wheat has been only partly written: the high hopes of the early settlers; the killing frosts that changed promising crops into black ruins; the conquest of frost by the developing of earlier ripening varieties, and by the changes in temperature when large areas of land were broken; the triumph of "Marquis" wheat; the tragedies of hail and drought and flood; the tragedies of rust; the conquest of rust now almost within sight; the difficulties of transportation becoming better and better solved; the problems of markets and marketing very far from solution still; the dangers of one-crop farming, the spread of weeds, the development of mixed farming; the first tentative trial of wheat along merely the very edge of the forty-ninth parallel, and its spread almost to the Arctic Circle. Great will be the Epic of Wheat when some one is found to write it.

The New North

A change is coming over the prairies. Manitoba and Saskatchewan have mines and mining in the north, and even lumbering and paper making. Saskatchewan in the south has beds of lignite

coal. Alberta has coal of all varieties; natural gas, and oil. In the north can be seen the "last agricultural West" in the Peace River Valley, tar sands and oil along the Mackenzie, and growing herds of more or less domesticated buffalo and reindeer in the sub-Arctics.

The Glory of the Fields

For visitors and adventurers from the homeland the supreme sight in the prairie provinces is the harvest—the farmer would add "when good." Even from train windows there are miles upon miles of golden grain. Years ago one of the best sights was the groups of stacks, but stacks are now scarcely ever seen. Then the fields of stooks were most attractive, but now they too are passing as harvest-



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING FROM THE NORTH WEST

"It is within the power of man to cause all germ disease to disappear from the earth."—PASTEUR.

ing methods change. The early Red River settlers reaped their fields and threshed their grain pretty much with the implements of Boaz and Ruth. Now the growing fashion is to cut and thresh with one rather cumbersome "combined" machine. But even machinery has not taken all poetry from the waves of shadow and of tossing heads that follow one another across the fields when the prairie breeze bloweth as it listeth.

A Sea of Mountains

The backbone and "Great Divide" of the Continent, the grey granite, snow-capped Rocky Mountains, are taken as the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia—that is, between the Canada

of the prairies and the Canada of the Pacific slope. On the prairie side they rise abruptly. One of the experiences of approaching them from the eastward is of snow-caps peeping one by one above the prairie horizon until suddenly the whole sheer wall stands glistening in the morning sun. On the western side, between the Rockies and the coast, several parallel ranges, the Selkirks, Gold Range, Coast Range, and others, stand like the thick-set ridges of a ploughed field, with deep-furrowed valleys between. These outer ranges are on the whole less grim and more green, more pleasing and less awe-inspiring than the gray cloud-robed Rockies.

Altogether, British Columbia has perhaps a hundred thousand square miles of mountain and valley, dotted with snow-caps, many still virgin peaks. It has miles upon miles, hundreds of miles, of glaciers, great rivers, and countless smaller streams, with rapids and waterfalls innumerable, immense water-power potentialities, a score of lakes that rival Switzerland's, tens of thousands of green glades and many fertile valleys. In short, here are several various Switzerlands in one, only half explored, and with adventures enough to last the most eager for a hundred years. Fjords almost beyond counting, and as fine as Norway's, run like fingers of green water between blue bluff headlands of mountain and wood. Rivers and shore waters teem with fish. In the wombs of the mountains are copper, silver, gold, lead, and abundant coal. Valleys of deep volcanic ash are covered with orchards that, like Eden, bear every manner of fruit after his kind, irrigated by streams from surrounding glacial fields.

"The Coast"

Especially since the opening of the Panama Canal, through trade, even of prairie wheat, has developed. Vancouver and Victoria are Canada's outposts towards the Orient, thinking Pacifically, as Halifax and St. John, Quebec and Montreal think Atlantically. With a mild and pleasant coast climate, in which English holly grows and English accents and customs flourish—with all her wealth and all her beauty—surely the west coast of Canada must have had a very generous fairy godmother.

It was in 1793, four years after he had followed the great river that bears his name, to the Arctic, that Alexander Mackenzie pushed through with infinite toil from the prairies to the salt waters of the Pacific. Later, in a London drawing room, comparing notes with Captain Vancouver, he found that, one from the land, the other from the sea, they had been within a mere day of meeting in that same west coast inlet.

Some of the adventurers of 1930 will look out from observation cars on the seething waters that bear the names of the great geographer David Thompson, and of bold Simon Fraser—the Thompson and Fraser rivers. You may have pointed out to you some



Visit of LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON - In Front of the SANATORIUM SCHOOL.

"The excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it."—ECCLESIASTES.

traces still of a mere ledge half-way up the precipice which in the fifties and sixties was the gold seekers' road to the adventurous Cariboo. Even camels were tried on this dizzy trail. It was to the Cariboo that Viscount Milton and Doctor Cheadle made their early "North-West passage by land" by way of Fort Garry, now Winnipeg.

With all her lure of beauty and of latent wealth as well, it is surprising that Scotchmen should have attempted an early Gretna Green marriage with this gifted heiress, and given her a name she acknowledged gracefully for half a century, New Caledonia? What with a New Caledonia on the west coast, and a Nova Scotia on the east, might not some suspicion arise of a deep, dark plot to make the whole of Canada a new domain for the Scot? Is there not even some suspicion that the plot succeeded?

Down by the Sea

After the whole tour from east to west and back again, if there is one bit of Canada that could still present fresh charm, and not an anti-climax, even after the Province of the Western Coast, it is the Canada of the Atlantic, the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.

Here some of the earliest settlements were made by French and British, by Celtic Breton and Celtic Scot. Indeed, here may have been the very earliest settlement of all, Vinland the Good of Lief Ericson and his followers. Here, around the battlements of Louisbourg, the two races, that later welded to make Canada, clashed again and again in the struggle for mastery. Here is the land of fair Evangeline, and here on many a quiet homestead may still be seen the ox-cart of the habitant, little changed in all the intervening years.

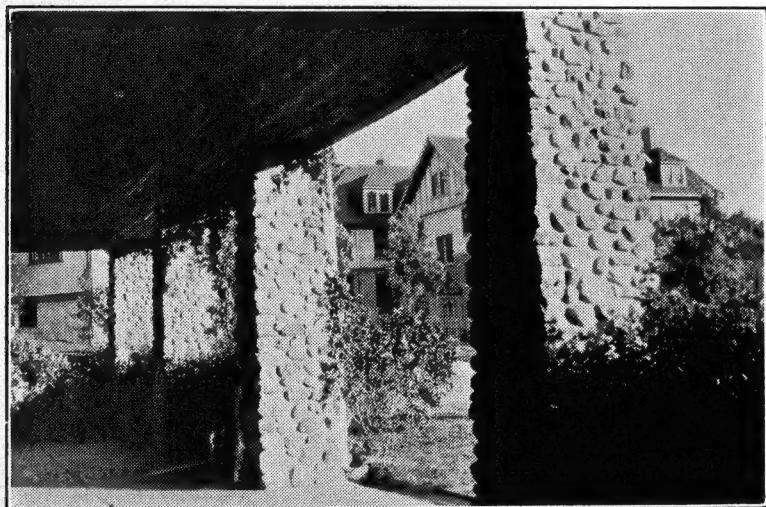
Nova Scotia, it may not be generally known, has a colony in the heart of Auld Scotia—the parade, indeed, at Edinburgh Castle. This became Nova Scotia soil many years ago, so that a noble lord might claim a new-land title, without the toils and perils of leaving the old land. The three provinces have in reality many colonies. Wherever in west or south some very big work is being done, Nova Scotians, New Brunswickers, or Prince Edward Islanders are, as likely as not, at the bottom of it. And half the universities of this continent have colonies of "the Maritimes" of Canada in their professorial staffs. The unusual brain and brawn may not unlikely have something to do with an early diet of herring and the shorter catechism. The Maritime people take naturally to education and politics, but sixty years of partnership in the confederation has scarcely accustomed them to be called Canadians. It was down by the sea in Windsor, Nova Scotia, that the peculiar humour of this

new continent was born in the works of Judge Haliburton, whose Sam Slick is even supposed to have suggested Sam Weller.

One of the sights of all Canada is the Annapolis Valley at apple-blossom time; another, the fishing schooner *Bluenose* at a racing angle; still another the north-west arm of Halifax Harbour; another, the Bras d'Or Lakes, which may have been the very region of Vinland itself. Another is the sixty-foot tide that rushes up the Bay of Fundy, roars around the base of Blomidon, makes a reversible fall at the mouth of the St. John River, and carries a tidal bore up as far as Moncton.

About the Maritimes much more could be said that would still leave more than all unsaid. Suffice it to say that here the adventurers of 1930 are to have their farewell visit, their last impressions, perhaps their best impressions, their stirrup cup, "Bon voyage!" and "Will ye no come back again?"

D. A. STEWART.



A GLIMPSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

"If health be the very source of all pleasure, it may be worth the pains to discover the regions where it grows, and the springs that feed it."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

